

President Wilson's Defence of the League of Nations

in history—because there is no nation in Europe that suspects the motives of the United States.

"Was there ever so wonderful a thing seen before? Was there ever so moving a thing? Was there ever any fact that so bound the nation that had won that esteem forever to deserve it?"

"I would not have you understand that the great men who represent the other nations there in conference are disesteemed by those who knew them. Quite the contrary. But you understand that the nations of Europe have again and again clashed with one another in competitive interest. It is impossible for men to forget those sharp issues that were drawn between them in times past. It is impossible for men to believe that all ambitions have all of a sudden been foregone.

Old Wrongs Are Remembered

"They remember territory that was coveted; they remember rights that it was attempted to extort; they remember political ambitions which it was attempted to realize—and while they believe that men have come into a different temper, they cannot forget these things, and so they do not resort to one another for a dispassionate view of the matters in controversy. They resort to that nation which has won the enviable distinction of being regarded as the friend of mankind.

"Whenever it is desired to send a small force of soldiers to occupy a piece of territory where it is thought nobody else will be welcome they ask for American soldiers, and where other soldiers would be looked upon with suspicion and perhaps met with resistance, the American soldier is welcomed with acclaim.

"I have had so many grounds for pride on the other side of the water that I am very thankful that they are not grounds for personal pride but for national pride. If they were grounds for personal pride I'd be the most stuck-up man in the world. And it has been an infinite pleasure to me to see those gallant soldiers of ours, of whom the Constitution of the United States made me the proud commander. You may be proud of the 26th Division, but I commanded the 26th Division, and see what they did under my direction! And everybody praises the American soldier with the feeling that in praising him he is subtracting from the credit of no one else.

"I have been searching for the fundamental fact that converted Europe to believe in us. Before this war Europe did not believe in us as she does now. She did not believe in us throughout the first three years of the war. She seems really to have believed that we were holding off because we thought we could make more by staying out than by going in.

Verdict of Europe Reversed

"And all of a sudden, in a short eighteen months, the whole verdict is reversed. There can be but one explanation for it. They saw what we did—that without making a single claim we put all our men and all our means at the disposal of those who were fighting for their homes, in the first instance, but for a cause, the cause of human rights and justice, and that we went in not to support their national claims, but to support the great cause which they held in common.

"And when they saw that America not only held ideals but acted ideals they were converted to America and became firm partisans of those ideals.

"I met a group of scholars when I was in Paris—some gentlemen from one of the Greek universities who had come to see me, and in whose presence, or rather in the presence of whose traditions of learning I felt very young, indeed. I told them that I had one of the delightful revenges that sometimes come to a man. All my life I had heard men speak with a sort of condescension of ideals and of idealists, and particularly those separated, encloistered persons whom they chose to term academic, who were in the habit of uttering ideals in the free atmosphere when they clash with nobody in particular.

"And I said I have had this sweet revenge. Speaking with perfect frankness in the name of the people of the United States, I have uttered as the objects of this great war ideals, and nothing but ideals, and the war has been won by that inspiration. Men were fighting with tense muscle and lowered head until they came to realize those things, feeling they were fighting for their lives and their country, and when these accents of what it was all about reached them from America they lifted their heads; they raised their eyes to heaven when they saw men in khaki coming across the sea in the spirit of Crusaders, and they found that these were strange men, reckless of danger not only, but reckless because they seemed to see something that made that danger worth while.

New Inspiration Brought by Americans

"Men have testified to me in Europe that our men were possessed by something they could only call a religious fervor. They were not like any of the other soldiers. They had a vision; they had a dream, and they were fighting in the dream, and fighting in the dream they turned the whole tide of battle and it never came back.

"One of our American humorists, meeting the criticism that American soldiers were not trained long enough, said: 'It takes only half as long to train an American soldier as any other, because you only have to train him one way—and he did only go one way and he never came back until he could do it when he pleased.'

"And now do you realize that this confidence we have established throughout the world imposes a burden upon us—if you choose to call it a burden? It is one of those burdens which any nation ought to be proud to carry. Any man who resists the present tides that run in the world will find himself thrown upon a shore so high and barren that it will seem as if he had been separated from his human kind forever.

"The Europe that I left the other day was full of something that it had never felt fill its heart so full before. It was full of hope. The Europe of the second year of the war, the Europe of the third year of the war was sinking to a sort of stubborn desperation. They did not see any great thing to be achieved even when the war should be won. They hoped there would be some salvage; they hoped they could clear their territories of invading armies; they hoped they could set up their homes and start their industries afresh. But they thought it would simply be the resumption of the old life that Europe had led—led in fear, led in anxiety, led in constant suspicious watchfulness. They never dreamed that it would be a Europe of settled peace and of justified hope.

Europe Buoyed by a New Hope

"And now these ideals have wrought this new magic, that all the peoples of Europe are buoyed up and confident in the spirit of hope, because they believe that we are at the eve of a new age in the world when nations will understand one another; when nations will support one another in every just cause; when nations will unite every moral and every physical strength to see that the right shall prevail.

"If America were at this juncture to fail the world, what would come of it? I do not mean any disrespect to any other great people when I say that America is the hope of the world; and if she does not justify that hope the results are unthinkable. Men will be thrown back upon the bitterness of disappointment not only, but the bitterness of despair. All nations will be set up as hostile camps again; the men at the peace conference will go home with their heads upon their breasts, knowing that they have failed—for they were bidden not to come home from there until they did something more than sign a treaty of peace.

"Suppose we sign the treaty of peace and that it is the most satisfactory treaty of peace that the confusing elements of the modern world will afford, and go home and think about our labors, we will know that we have left written upon the historic table at Versailles, upon which Vergennes and Benjamin Franklin wrote their names, nothing but a modern scrap of paper; no nations united to defend it, no great forces combined to make it good, no assurance given to the downtrodden and fearful people of the world that they shall be safe. Any man who thinks that America will take part in giving the world any such rebuff and disappointment as that does not know America.

"I invite him to test the sentiments of the nation. We set this up to make men free, and we did not make our conception and our aim to make men free, and we will make men free. If we did

not do that the fame of America would be gone and all her powers would be dissipated. She then would have to keep her power for those narrow, selfish, provincial purposes which seem so dear to some minds that have no sweep beyond the nearest horizon. I should welcome no sweeter challenge than that. I have fighting blood in me, and it is sometimes a delight to let it have scope, but if it is a challenge on this occasion it will be an indulgence.

"Utter Blackness" Result of Failure

"Think of the picture, think of the utter blackness that would fall on the world. America has failed! America made a little essay at generosity and then withdrew. America said: 'We are your friends,' but it was only for to-day, not for to-morrow. America said: 'Here is our power to vindicate right,' and then the next day said: 'Let right take care of itself and we will take care of ourselves.' America said: 'We set up a light to lead men along the paths of liberty, but we have lowered it; it is intended only to light our own path.' We set up a great ideal of liberty and then we said: 'Liberty is a thing that you must win for yourself. Do not call upon us.' And think of the world that we would leave. Do you realize how many new nations are going to be set up in the presence of old and powerful nations in Europe and left there, if left by us, without a disinterested friend?

"Do you believe in the Polish cause as I do? Are you going to set up Poland, immature, inexperienced, as yet unorganized, and leave her with a circle of armies around her? Do you believe in the aspiration of the Czechoslovaks and the Jugo-Slavs as I do? Do you know how many powers would be quick to pounce upon them if there were not the guarantees of the world behind their liberty?

"Have you thought of the sufferings of Armenia? You poured out your money to help succor the Armenians after they suffered; now set your strength so that they shall never suffer again.

"The arrangements of the present peace cannot stand a generation unless they are guaranteed by the united forces of the civilized world. And if we do not guarantee them, can you not see the picture? Your hearts have instructed you where the burden of this war fell. It did not fall upon the national treasures; it did not fall upon the instruments of administration, it did not fall upon the resources of the nations. It fell upon the victims' homes everywhere, where women were toiling in hope that their men would come back.

Confidence in Verdict Declared

"When I think of the homes upon which dull despair would settle were this great hope disappointed, I would wish for my part never to have had America play any part whatever in this attempt to emancipate the world. But I talk as if there were any question. I have no more doubt of the verdict of America in this matter than I have doubt of the blood that is in me.

"And so, my fellow citizens, I have come back to report progress, and I do not believe that the progress is going to stop short of the goal. The nations of the world have set their hands now to do a great thing, and they are not going to slacken their purpose. And when I speak of the nations of the world I do not speak of the governments of the world. I speak of the peoples who constitute the nations of the world. They are in the saddle, and they are going to see to it that if their present governments do not do their will some other governments shall. And the secret is out and the present governments know it.

"There is a great deal of harmony to be got out of common knowledge. There is a great deal of sympathy to be got of living in the same atmosphere, and except for the difference of languages, which puzzled my American ear very sadly, I could have believed I was at home in France, or in Italy, or in England, when I was on the streets, when I was in the presence of the crowds, when I was in great halls, where men gathered together irrespective of class.

"I did not feel quite as much home there as I do here, but I felt that now, at any rate, after this storm of war had cleared the air, men were seeing eye to eye everywhere, and that these were the kind of folks who could understand what the kind of folks at home would understand, and that they were thinking the same things.

Finds Home Language Delightful

"I feel about you as I am reminded of a story of that excellent witness and good artist, Oliver Herford, who, one day sitting at luncheon at his club, was slapped vigorously on the back by a man whom he did not know very well. He said: 'Oliver, old boy, how are you?' He looked at him rather coldly. He said: 'I don't know your name, I don't know your face, but your manners are very familiar.' And I must say that your manners are very familiar, and, let me add, very delightful.

"It is a great comfort, for one thing, to realize that you all understand the language I am speaking. A friend of mine said that to talk through an interpreter was like witnessing the compound fracture of an idea. But the beauty of it is that, whatever the impediments of the channel of communication, the idea is the same; that it gets registered, and it gets registered in responsive hearts and receptive purposes.

"I have come back for a strenuous attempt to transact business for a little time while in America, but I have really come back to say to you, in all soberness and honesty, that I have been trying my best to speak your thoughts.

"When I sample myself I think I find that I am a typical American, and if I sample deep enough, and get down to what is probably the true stuff of a man, then I have hope that it is part of the stuff that is like the other fellow's at home.

"And, therefore, probing deep in my heart and trying to see the things that are right without regard to the things that may be debated as expedient, I feel that I am interpreting the purpose and the thought of America; and in loving America I find I have joined the great majority of my fellow men throughout the world."

Twenty-three Suffrage Agitators Arrested at Boston State House

Staff Correspondence

BOSTON, Feb. 24.—Two hours before President Wilson landed in Boston to-day twenty-three suffragists from all parts of the country, who have been holding a meeting here, were arrested in front of the State House, charged with violating a city ordinance against loitering.

Among those arrested were Mrs. George Rower and Miss Rose Lewis, of New York.

The women marched to the State House, apparently to heckle the President upon his arrival. They bore numerous banners. Upon some of these the following legends were blazoned: "Mr. Wilson, how long must women wait for liberty?" "Mr. President, what will you do for woman suffrage?"

When the women took their places

in front of the reviewing stand they were warned by the police. This having no effect, Police Commissioner Curtis and Police Superintendent Crowley attempted to persuade them to leave. They remained indifferent, and a police wagon was summoned. The women were then bundled into the wagon. Only one attempted resistance. She was Miss Betty Cram, of Portland, Ore.

Four of the women were released on nominal bail to-night. The others declared they would fight the case out in court and would not accept freedom for the night.

At a gathering of women about the grandstand on the Common late in the afternoon extracts from the President's address at Mechanics' Hall were burned in a metal torch. While speeches were being made, police arrived and arrested three women, two of whom were released later. The third, Miss Elsie Hill, daughter of Congressman Hill, of Connecticut, was taken to the House of Detention.

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Boston Hails Wilson; City Thronged Plea for League Greeted By Cheers

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steamed down the bay, toward where the high-walled George Washington loomed through the soft haze.

Following were a half dozen naval cutters and several big white excursion boats, these latter with brass bands on their decks and crowded with people. Cloud shadows followed the craft as they heeled and courted in the freshening waves, and turned the bay to peacock shades of green and blue. High above the water front, where people were clustered on the top of every available building, the tall white tower of the custom house rose like an arm flung high in greeting.

Steamship Shows Marks Of Tempests It Braved

The George Washington, storm stained from the tempests through which she had battled her way across, was decked in flags from stem to stern. From below the crown's nest on her first mast the blue banner with the white spread eagle of the President whipped and tossed.

The white hats of her seamen dressing ship gleamed against her gray sides, and toward her stern were solid streaks of olive drab where the soldiers were gathered. On both sides of the George Washington the destroyers pulled at their anchor chains, and weaving to and fro about her with much sputtering of engines was a school of submarine chasers, guarding her, torrier-like, against the too close approach of the welcoming flotilla.

On the right flank of the transport the Ossipee tied up, and a ladder was dropped down to her deck from a port in the George Washington's side.

For a half hour the welcoming craft steamed about the President's ship, bands blaring as best they could in the high wind. Several times vessels ran in close enough so that cigarettes and chocolate could be thrown to the soldiers on the transport's rear deck, only to be hustled away by the fussy chasers.

Water Pageant to Dock Guarded by Airplanes

At last a bugle sang loudly and the blue banner at the George Washington's masthead came fluttering down. From the transport the President's party clambered to the lower deck of the Ossipee. A cheer floated across the water from the waiting craft, which swung around and preceded the Ossipee up the bay toward where the city waited.

Above the President's boat three airplanes circled and dived, sides and varnished wings gleaming at the touch of the sun. And in a few minutes Boston lifted up her voice to hail the returning Chief Executive.

Whistles spoke first—one, and then a dozen, and then more, until the whole city seemed roofed by the roar. The guns of the cruiser North Carolina, which had come in during the early forenoon, added to the racket as the Ossipee passed her.

Castle Island had a thick black border of humanity, which cheered as the President passed. The Fisheries Pier, just below the Commonwealth Pier, where Mr. Wilson came ashore, displayed a huge sign, "Welcome, President Wilson."

As the Ossipee edged in toward her tying-up place the reception committee, which waited on the pier, cheered loudly. This was drowned by the blare of horns from the automobiles that waited to carry the President's party and its escort on a triumphal procession through the city.

Francis and Roosevelt Accompany Party

In a heavy deerskin coat and with his gray hair shining beneath his raised silk hat, President Wilson set foot on the shore of his own land once more. Beside him was Mrs. Wilson in a long sealskin coat and a purple hat. David R. Francis, former Ambassador to Russia, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, were among his party, which was hurried over the lower platform of the pier to the elevator which was to carry them to the upper level, where the automobiles waited.

Heavy carpet had been laid at the upper landing, and here a group of army officers, regulars and state guard came stiffly to salute as Mr. Wilson

stepped from the elevator. The silk hat was raised again and the famous Wilsonian smile shone brilliantly. The men of the 36th Infantry, who kept clear the roadway to the street, snapped their rifles to present arms.

In a few moments the first car, carrying President and Mrs. Wilson, Governor Coolidge and Mayor Peters, started slowly along the long pier toward the street. About it a half dozen Secret Service men walked.

For a moment the car rolled along in utter silence. Men took off their hats as it passed, but no one lifted his voice to shout. The awkward silence was broken just before the car rumbled out into the sunlight by the voice of the reception committee's official cheer leader, who called:

"Three cheers for our President!"

The echo of the answering shout was caught up from the crowd that waited, held back by a wall of soldiers outside. From then on through the three miles of his ride there was no silence. Ears that had been deafened by British hurrahs, the "vive" of France and "viva" of Italy, heard once more the long, shrill "Yea-a-a!" with which America welcomes its own. Through the twisting streets of Boston that sound kept pace with the President's car—a wave of sound that seemed to sweep him along.

Troops Bank Three-Mile Line of Official Parade

The three miles or more of the parade's course was heavily guarded by troops and glittering with fixed bayonets. Before the President's car clattered a platoon of mounted police and the 1st Troop of the Massachusetts National Guard. They passed through long fences of soldiers, each picked a man in olive drab or navy blue. Behind these the crowd filled the sidewalks, packed itself upon steps and choked doors and windows.

To-day was a holiday in Boston, and in addition to the men, women and children set free from work and school there were tens of thousands who had come to the city to witness Mr. Wilson's return.

Above, against the blue sky, with its banks of marching clouds, fluttered the Stars and Stripes everywhere. Now and again there was stretched across the street a banner with the legend "Welcome Home." There were flags in the windows, flags hanging from roofs, flags in the hands of the spectators. The streets were vistas of fluttering red, white and blue.

And always as the car rolled smoothly along came the long-drawn "Yea-a-a" of welcome.

Through the city the long procession rolled into the Common and along to Beacon Street, where in front of the State House a grandstand had been erected. Here, on the steps of the great white building, with its gilded dome flaming in the sun, were dignitaries of the city, and, facing the great bass-relief in which Colonel Shaw's men are marching forever onward, 300 soldiers of a later war.

These were men from the hospitals of the city, who were nearly enough recovered to watch the President pass. One or two there were who could only hear the clamor as their commander in chief passed.

Out on the Common a battery of artillery began another twenty-one-gun salute, and the smoke of the cannon was blown toward the President's car as it headed for Copley Square.

Copley Square Jammed With Cheering Crowd

Here the entire square was jammed with people, save for an open space in front of the Copley Plaza Hotel, kept open by National Guardsmen with fixed bayonets. From a score of staffs flags fluttered and tossed in the breeze. The steps of the Public Library and all other points were obscured by the people who clung to them.

At the door of the Copley Plaza the President's party disembarked and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson went directly to their suite, where lunch was served. The crowd, which had lined the streets, now began to drift toward Mechanics' Hall, where the President was to speak at 2:30 o'clock.

Long before the appointed hour the big hall was well filled. At no time was it overcrowded, for the tickets had been issued with extreme care. So determined was Boston that no untoward act should mar the President's visit

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that the police had looked carefully into the record of every applicant for a ticket.

Flags swathed the ungainly interior of the building. Above the platform, in the centre of which stood a flag-draped speaker's table before a big yellow sounding board, were portraits of Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt, and above these pictures of Wilson and Washington. In the rear of the gallery a banner of blue bearing a great white five-pointed star was hung—the proposed flag of the league of nations. This was flanked by two full length portraits of George Washington.

A naval band pumped away for three-quarters of an hour before Mr. Wilson arrived, and then when the sound of cannon firing still another salute gave warning of his approach, launched into "Hail to the Chief!"

Escorted to Stage by Governor and Mayor

Mrs. Wilson, Governor Coolidge, Mayor Peters and former Ambassador Francis accompanied the President to the platform. There was a roar of handclapping that burst now and again into cheers. Led by John A. McDonald, cheer leader, those endured for almost two minutes. The President, immaculate in cutaway, gray trousers and necktie, rose twice in response, smiled and bowed.

His face was brown, but in moments of repose his mouth drooped and he looked tired.

John McCormack then sang the "Star-Spangled Banner," after which Mayor Andrew J. Peters spoke briefly in welcome. He brought forth momentary applause when he told the President:

"The document you bring for the ratification it will surely receive ranks with Magna Charta."

Governor Calvin Coolidge followed the Mayor, and after saying that the reception Boston had given was "more hearty than that it gave to Washington and more unified than it could have given Lincoln in his day," promised the President that the people of the Commonwealth would support him in the future "as heartily as Massachusetts has done in the past."

The naval band crashed into the opening bar of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." The crowd rose and sang one verse and followed it with a

verse of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Mayor Peters then introduced the President. Forty-five seconds of applause followed, and then Mr. Wilson, advancing to the reading desk with a smile, delivered his address.

The applause following the speech was brief. In a few minutes the Presidential party had been whirled away from the hall through ranks of cheering men and women who had been unable to get into the hall.

At 4:30 o'clock they boarded a special train and pulled out for New York. It is expected that Mr. Wilson will reach the capital by 3 o'clock to-morrow morning.

Besides talking with several men of local political importance, the President had a brief conference at the Copley Plaza with a Polish mission from Philadelphia, headed by L. N. Piotrowski, and also greeted his son-in-law, Francis B. Sayre, whose wife has just presented the President with another grandson.

President Plans Busy Day at Desk; Cabinet Meeting Only Exception

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—President Wilson will resume official routine to-morrow immediately after his arrival in the capital and will pass the entire day at his desk.

A Cabinet meeting in the afternoon is expected to be almost his only engagement. Numerous requests for engagements have been received, but no appointments have been made, and the list of persons desiring to see him will be submitted to Mr. Wilson for him to select those whose business he deems of sufficient importance to claim part of the busy week available before he sails again for Paris.

The President's most important conference, that with members of the Senate and House Foreign Affairs Committees for discussion of the constitution of the proposed league of nations, will take place Wednesday night.

The President and Mrs. Wilson will find the spring cleaning at the White House finished. They return also to a city decorated in gala fashion in preparation for the parade of District of Columbia soldiers on Thursday.

Late to-night the executive offices had received no word of the signing of the revenue bill by the President. It was thought he might sign it on the train to-night.

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